

ATHÉNAIOS

A SATYRIC DRAMA AND OTHER VERSE

PS 3545

.I67 A7

1912

Copy 1

Robert D. Windes



Class PS 2545

Book J 7 A 7

Copyright N^o 1912

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

ATHÉNAIOS

A SATYRIC DRAMA AND OTHER VERSE

BY
ROBERT D. WINDES

Author of¹¹
"Osbulbaha" and Other Poems



BOSTON
THE ROXBURGH PUBLISHING COMPANY
INC.

Page 100

Copyrighted, 1912
By Robert D. Windes
All rights reserved

2

#.75

© Cl. A 327770

201



ATHÉNAIOS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VENUS—CAIUS—JULIUS CAESAR

CHORUS OF PIRATES, MEN AND WOMEN
SCENE: THE ISLE OF PHARMACUSSA.

Venus: This is the youth then! this the boy! so old
In policy, so bold towards men and gods
As dare to brave one's reason, the others' wrath—
By openly in set speech setting up
To be of heavenly race by true descent
From one Aeneas, one Achises' son
And mine! For so the impious legend runs,
Whom these rude upstart Romans lately have found
To be their founder since some smatter of Greek

Has smartened them into some sense of grace.
To Cyprus my reputed birthplace bound
Secing the boy asleep here on this isle
Of Pharmacussa, witch isle, rightly named,
If I interpret its Greek name aright,
For now at least, I ween, it is bewitched;
Where Fortune fondly playing with her pet
Has dropped him in a nest of poisonous snakes,
And charmed them all to innocence till he
Can brave out to be snatched up and upheaved
Astride her neck—him seeing asleep, I light
From ether, curious to contemplate,
As gods may, thoughts and aspirations, schemes,
To mortals vast, to gods shortsighted, vain,
As this his dream to be Rome's master, which
He dreams even now—but not to meddle I mean
With that. But for his insult to my name
His bald parade of my feigned ignominy,
To veil his honest ignobility,
From him and his I will withhold my grace:
No son nor grandson shall succeed to him,
Nor bear his name nor carry on his race;
His name shall only a misname for misrule

Be perpetuated to the end of time—
And bitterer than his of Thebes his fall;
For he, by some called his adulterous son
And loved as much, shall head his murderers!
To buy a pearl for whose dam peaceful towns
That open their gates to him wide as their hearts,
Shall be put to the sword and sack'd and sold,
His daughter, pledge of the republic's life
As its upholder's new wed spouse beloved,
Weighed down by too great hopes of all, shall die
Untimely, leaving a free course to fate.
His grand-nephew, for greater offense and scorn
Against me, prompter and patron of proud verse,
Embalming and emblazoning my shame,
In threefold shame insufferable wrapt
As in a threefold robe of quenchless flame.
Daughter, grand-daughter and grand-son perverse,
Lower than man shall feel the god in him
Sink; lower than the ground his house's pride.
In impotence of anger shall he indite
His mean griefs for the servile Senate's moot,
Raising the first cry in the to-the-death
Chase of his race, boasting a death less strain.

His stepson and successor, sage profound,
Inheriting the republic, ripe in years
And genius, rich in wrongs long treasured up,
And with the sage's joy in subject fit,
Shall in the Sire's preserve find ample scope
For all his art, yet a Caligula
And Agrippina leave and Nero who
The last imperial Caesar's grave shall dig.
His own! Thus have I fortune-teller played,
Telling this youth's fate and his family's,
A story which shall tragedy efface—
Meanwhile, how calm and masterful his sleep!
How even his breath! His perfect form and limbs
Clothed in the grace of his serene repose;
True image of the very man himself—
And this among these barbarous ruffians,
Outlaws of all lands, all baptized in blood,
Not one of whom but would as readily
With or without cause, cut his throat as eat!
And such a one would for the world of woe
Which he would save the world deserve its crown
And greater fame that Brutus could men know.
But he has charmed this nest of snakes and with

His boyish hands handles them free as a god,
They are not his keepers but his body-guard,
His pensioners not he their prisoner.
He bids them stop their wrangling or coarse mirth
When he would sleep; in spite of themselves they
Give way to the boy's way as they call his sway.
They have let him form them into a commonwealth,
Appoint a Senate, class the people and fix
Their way of acting each; brings forward laws,
And gravely argues them in studied speech
Before the Senate and approved or not
Submits them to the people in mass convened;
With vehement harangues, with action live!
For laws not vain and consulships to come,
Contests rehearsing! Then an Oedipus
Of his own making teaches them and acts
Stilted and stiff and monstered up no doubt,
But tamer than his own life's tragedy,
And by his house's overdone tenfold.
When they applaud not verse or speech of his,
He calls them untaught slaves, barbarians,
And threatens laughingly to hang them all;
They laugh, too, thoughtless cutthroats and impute

To pretty boyish spleen what is the man,
For kindness, thanks for kindness, giving, most
Forgiving, are in Caesar policy
And nothing more, not one least throb of heart.
He will do what he has threatened, this cool boy,
Do it without passion, just because the word
Is Caesar's! and must be irrevocable
As Father Jove's, with whom he dares claim kin.
'Tis nothing that these serpents sting him not
When he treads on them: he is Caesar! They,
Snakes. Were they Catos Caesar would not care.
And lo, the ship now which his ransom brings.
They asked him twenty but he laughed at them,
As not knowing whom they had taken, fix'd his price
At fifty talents and his clients sent
To raise the money, at the same time men
And ships to follow close upon their heels:
He will take them and his ransom carry back,
With rich fruits of their prosperous piracy.
These cutthroats he will cut the throats of first
For thanks, then nail each to his several cross—
And now I see his clients with the chests
Of treasure, gold and silver coming up,

Followed by all the band of pirates not
Without their women, wives and captive girls,
Who, all in love with Caesar, come to bid
A last farewell which will not last do-day.

Chorus: Who laid the first ship's keel,
And who the first sail spread,
To try the untried main,
And who the god that put it in his head,
And steered in seething brain,
Invention wrought,
The adventurous thought?
Athena did reveal
To Jason, bards report,
The project of the ship,
And helped him with her counsel and support
To build the Argo: lip
And tongue that spoke,
Dodonian oak
Inserted in the prow
Supplied, not prophesied,
But still to art denied:
Believe it who, full grown and panoplied,

From Jove's head leaped and cried
An Alalé.
Made land and sea
And heaven to quake, allow
Athena's self—Expect
A finished ship complete
From the first hand of the first architect.
Art's foot is not so fleet,
But halts and trips
And backward slips
Through many a weary age;
But grant the ship, the quest
Was one for every time
Since men wore decent clothes and women dresses:
Gold was the thought sublime,
Gold was the aim,
And gold the name,
In which was quelled the rage
Of live symplegades;
And crops of dragon's teeth
Were sown and made to reap themselves with ease.
Therefore, be laid a wreath
On Jason's head,

Of gold or lead,
The ivy oak, and bay
Are not for the low brows
Of hunters after gold,
Through coward cunning and the bolder rouse
Of war, however bold—
But strike the stave.
Not ours to rave
At gold and wrong, who prey
On toil and do not toil.
And yet we only take
What Rome and Mithridates count their spoil.
But lo, our guest's awake,
And mincing state
Prepares to prate.
Come and tell us our hostage heroic, Bithynias' King,
Nicomedes his charmer,
How shall I call thee? How shall I, reverencing,
Neither a colder nor warmer
Welcome than fits the occasion give thee withal?
Jason and boy Medea, thee in one we will call,
And bidding thee hail and farewell,
Conjure thee with duplicate spell:

Julius Jason, clothe us in golden fleece,
Caesar Medea, of Jasons, give us increase!

Caesar: Before these chests are opened which contain
My ransom, double the amount you asked, Hear,
friends,

I call you friends because you will be such
If you accept what Caesar offers you;
Friends of Rome's ruler and the world's, for that
He means to be and has no doubt of being:
You laugh? Laugh not, but wait and hear the
grounds

Upon which Caesar builds not airy hopes,
But faith as solid as Rome's Capitol.
Listen: I'm born to it; in me are met
The blood heroic of Rome's founder, and
Of one of those Kings who so gloriously
Reigned two and a half hundred years at Rome;
My father on the mother's side from Kings
Sprang; on the father's, with the immortal gods
Was joined. For from King Ancus Marcius
The family of Marcius surnamed,
Rex got its name of which his mother was.

His father Julius from Venus claimed
Descent; therefore the sanctity of Kings
Who among men most can our race has got,
And adds to that the sacred rites of gods
In whose power Kings themselves are; thus you have
My titles, sealed by destiny of blood.
My opportunities now hear, and means
Without which titles are but vanity.
Death to the titular or worse, contempt!
Of Sylla you have heard and Marius;
The peoples' head and the patricians' chief;
My father's sister married Marius,
Cinna was Marius' dearest friend;
I, Cinna's daughter led, Cornelia,
And spite of Sylla would not leave my wife;
Though of her dower, my own inheritance,
And of my priesthood reft to Father Jove,
Proscribed and hunted, bribing, buying flight
From Rome and Italy, from home and friends!
Now Sylla is dead leaving without a head
His own patricians but by act and word
Having made me the leader of his foes.
Act, by proscribing me; word by his word:

“In Caesar there is many a Marius.”
While thus the people’s leader born and made,
I am not the Senate’s declared enemy,
But have among patricians many friends,
No rivals and no bitter foes as yet.
For Caesar makes no difference in men,
Caesar except, all men he equal deems.
Rome, Italy, all men are ripe for change;
Unsettled, sick with tossing on a sea
Of anarchy—story too long to tell
And needless to be told. You see the road:
To travel it I must have faithful friends,
Oathbound to my allegiance only, strange
To every other tie, home, country, kin;
To me and to my fortunes singly wed.
To whom I promise, if they prosper, share
Not to the measure of your merit, great
However it be, but of your greater wish.
You are by nature and your way of life
Formed to be such: be then, and take the oath:
Caesar to love and guard him as a prince,
Whom as a prize you have watched, but for reward
Richer than this poor ransom he now pays.

You laugh like speechless, dull barbarians!
'Tis no school declamation like the rest
At which you laughed rightly, not sensibly,
The fault being too fine for your sense to find,
But matter of to-day which answer asks.
Athénaios, art chief? Thy name besides
Should mean at least discourse of reason since
Of words Athens was the creative word!—
Answer for these dull creatures, tell their mind.

Athénaios: Vain youth, who Caesar call'st thyself and
tell'st

What Caesar sickly dreams as if the name
Meant King! If had'st one grain of Attic salt
Would'st understand our laughter without words!
What else but laugh to hear a babbling child
Prate of his royal and heroic blood,
In a republic of five hundred years?
And being a truant boy, a runaway
From Sylla's lash, talk of being born and made
The rabble's leader against an order of men
Old as their Kings and abler, wiser than
When some one called them an assembly of Kings.

Whom all their Kings assembled scarce could match.
What else but laugh when such a moonstruck boy
Asks us the only freemen in the world,
To be his henchmen, his assassins, slaves;
For though you say it not, we know what use
You think us fit for, mean to put us to.
The only freemen in the world are we:
Romans and Mithridates have the earth;
Freedom's sole refuge is the sea. Set foot
On land and we are slaves! Who to be free
Left home and everything most dear to men.
Thus have our ancestors in every age
Escaped the numbing touch of tyranny!
And Athens, my own fatherland dost name?
That never could be bribed to serve a King!
Who would not laugh to hear a would be prince
Ask an Athenian's help to make him King!

Caesar: Athenian Xenophon at least, whose books
I've read and love, helped Cyrus without scruple,
And though the Athenians banished him on that
Pretext, his laconism was the true cause.
His love of freedom was no less than theirs

As mine than yours—freedom not lawlessness—
Agesilaus' friend and Socrates'
Disciple could not choose another course
In politics than that of strictest law,
And Sparta gave the model which he sought,
And after a splendid life of action, the
Retreat of Scilluns for his learned age,
Where he composed the books which keep his name
And deeds fresher than Alexander's and
Far sweeter to all good and generous minds.

Athénaios: Be Xenophon and Sparta what you will,
Your Roman law is but the license to
Do wrong, to take what is another's, not
Your own. From robbery your power had birth
And grew into the solemn name of law
By magnitude of evil, utterly
Soul-crushing, liberty-extinguishing,
Free thought with free speech burying alive!

Caesar: Your words are Demosthenic in their force
And freedom. Romans war not with their tongues,
At least against those they would make their friends,

As I would you. Friends calling you at first,
I wish to call you friends at last, and now,
Opening the chests we will our ransom pay.

Athénaios: We asked but twenty talents ransom and
Will take no more in ransom's name, much less
In earnest of the bragain tendered us
By Caesar, with the oath to serve his guard;
And thirty talents as a gift outweighs
Desert so far, we fear a Trojan horse
Caparisoned for the delusion of
Rank fools. Let Caesar keep his surplus coin.

Caesar: To Caesar what are coins? Of which to whom
A pyramid is not worth one true friend.

Athénaios: Then Caesar holds us cheap if he would
buy
For thirty talents all us in the gross.

Caesar: Not yours but Caesar's worth fulfilled the
price.
You undervalue Caesar and his star.

Athénaios: His star is yet invisible to us.

Caesar: You'll see and know it when it is too late.

Athénaios: When Caesar is transported to the skies.

Caesar: His star in Pharmacussa rises now.

Athénaios: Let Caesar show it; we'll be glad to see it.

Caesar: When Caesar shows it, you'll be sad to see it.

Athénaios: We'll welcome Caesar when he comes again

Without a ransom since he doubles this.

Caesar: There are who will pay ransom on the cross
When Caesar comes to get his back again.

Athénaios: Farewell, King Caesar, make haste back
to school

And tell ma Rome we kept you against your will,

Caesar: I go to be a teacher from her school
Of reverence and of a civil tongue.

Chorus: Caesar, farewell, forget the men's rough
speech,
And think of us who love you, Julius—
How proudly he bears himself, the pretty youth.

Athénaios: How swiftly he glides away, the serpent
sleek.

Chorus: Ruler of Rome he says he will be, and sit
on the throne of her Kings;
Why may he not, for faith is in men the creator and
shaper of things?
Why may he not, for he must win who wills to the
uttermost
Strength of his soul, nor loses heart though every-
thing else be lost.
Temperance add and time and stuff of a founder or
changer of states,
Forms and prodigious looms, a blessing of God or a
doom of the fates;

Caesar has all of these and race feigned royal and
fabled divine,

Marcus from and Iulus, Venus' grandson, stretches
his line,

Thus would he match and mock at smoke-blackened
images others may boast,

Soaring above Valerian fame and devoted Fabian
host.

Caesar himself I have heard oft talk of these things
and unfold

All of his plans. Be not then surprised at my
knowing, by him I was told.

This breast of land that gently swells above the port,
And widely looks upon the sea was Caesar's court,

Here he, not like Ulysses on Calypso's isle,
Sighing and shedding tears, wore out the weary
while

But with delightful talk and most enchanting smile
Oft made us his delighted eager listeners;

He spoke Greek, having learnt it in his tender
years,

And loved Hellenic glories as his country's own.
He knew our history by heart from Marathon

Down to these deathbed days of Hellas when she
has ceased
To strive, stretched out and still waiting to be
released
From living; nothing differing from one deceased.
But Caesar promises when he is King of Rome,
Hellas to make again of arts and light the home.
Then in the games of men he unbent his graver
thought,
Wrestled and ran and boxed with them or threw the
quoit,
Or hurled the spear or drew the bow with practiced
skill,
Always unruffled by defeat nor taking ill
Rough treatment by antagonist or victory,
But strove with free delight unchecked by dignity;
Or he would mount the pnyx and Greek harangues
recite,
Or speech or verses of his own, or grave or light.
Having set up the Roman form of government,
He showed its various functions by experiment.
With toys like these the boy Achilles might have
played,

If lofty thoughts not lightning heels his care he had made.

Big schoolboys like these rough men often laughed at him,

And he with hanging threatened them all in due time;

But him they loved no less for bluntness like their own,

All save my lord Athénaios, who stood aloof,

And said he spied though soft his tread the tyrant's hoof.

Such prejudice in him before I have not known.

Antipathy in men and beasts is born of fear,

And red and black as blood and death to them appear;

And such a hatred born of fear may well be this Which my beloved Athénaios to Caesar bears;

A free born nature chokes in breathing tyrant airs,

And by the same law Caesar's nature repels his.—

But Caesar is gone out of sight,

And soon will be flying whither his heart flies before,

To the city whose name is might.

Oh, might I, too, fly thither and light

In her Capitaol and hear her forum's roar,
Exchanging this dead land and sea funereal
For that whose bubbling life aye drowns the break-
er's knell!

Here life is departed from life,
The dead alone still live in the works they have left;
Here is peace and an end to strife,
The peace despair has taken to wife!
Of the blossom and prattle of children the house is
bereft,
The cities are fallen and dumb; the fields are desolate;
Unbroken silence settling seals the doom of fate.—

O, mighty see,
A live land and free,
Where hope and high ambition still may be!
But not as a client of Caesar's, I;
And well did Athénaios deny
His proffered oath, but not so bitterly
Ought he to have mocked his boy's simplicity.
But men are blind to descry
When wroth, what wrath from their words may
grow.
Alas! are my words ominous of woe?

Athénaios is hurrying from below!
The men are rushing madly to and fro!
I hear cries of despair mingled with curses of wrath!
Headlong down the headland's precipitous path
One runs crying, Ships! and I see them—a fleet!
O, gods, we are gone! lost!
Athénaios, how meet,
Or whither retreat?
Why stand'st with arms crossed?

Athénaios: Benches and decks unmanned,
Rowers and fighters ashore,
And look, here behind us this force at hand,
And Caesar himself in command.
There is nothing to do but to die!

Caesar: Or Caesar himself will belie.

Athénaios: Belie yourself! The whelp his mother
wolf!
Nature cannot be belied which your race
Created wolves! not suckled only but
Begotten by a wolf upon a wolf!

The foster mother of her own was the
She-wolf, and gave her blood as well as milk
To your Rome's founder, your fore-father, at least,
In bloodiness of spirit, if not blood!
Who with his brother's blood baptized his Rome
To be the city of the god of blood,
Your Mavors, hatefulest of all the gods!
We needed not your word to know our doom!
Rome's sea of blood could never spare this drop!
And you must pour your rivulet of blood
To prove your wolfish blood's strain genuine.
Beginning so young who knows but you may
Pour round the world an ocean stream of blood,
And all the good being slain, at length sit crowned
Sole monarch of the dregs of all the earth!—

Caesar: We are grieved Athénaios should choose to
be

The prophet rather than the partner in
Caesar's high fortunes, but his words we take
For omen not offense; not insults but
Most grateful incense offered to our name!
But sweet as 'tis, we have no time to waste

In compliment. Action is Caesar's part!
Talking he leaves to scholars and captives
Such as he was but now, you are now in turn;
Diet empty as the wind of which it is made,
Spoiling the wholesome appetite for doing.
But that we rule by laws not rend with claws,
Be said what may; acts without words will show
To Rome's Proconsul here in Asia.
You shall be brought to answer and be heard
As speedily as may be, and with the
Least torture of suspense, I warrant you,
Be each suspended on his proper cross.—
Come, now, to ship, to ship! Aboard with all!
Quaestor, fulfill your office faithfully,
Reserving, mind, my ransom's full amount,
For prompt prepayment of the loan with use;
The lenders have the first claim to their own.
The spoil, not small, shall be the prize of those
Who helped to win it with the sword and oar.
And all of you have Caesar's cordial thanks,
And through him all shall have hereafter Rome's.—

NOTE:—The first chapters of Suetonius' and Plu-

tarch's lives of Caesar are the sources of this dramatic attempt which the Greeks might have allowed to pass as a Satyric Drama, of which we have one specimen remaining in the Cyclops of Euripides, translated by the poet Shelley into English verse.

THE LYRE

Give me an hour in shade to sit outside my door,
Over the Theban eagle's lightning-lit scroll apore,
Straining with mind and heart and ears and lips agape,

Living to catch the step
Of the light Lydian dance
Or the Aeolian stormfooted prance
Of Thessalian hoofs that rear and leap
Under riders whose
Only bridle is the lance;

Or let the Marathonian fighter Aischulos

Frown his awfulest as tighter against Kankasos
Nails he the Titan, unflinching and defiant still,
Do what the Despot will.

Or as he makes Cassandra shriek,
Scenting the blood to be shed's sudden reek;
Cries portentous uttering to thrill
The prophetic soul.
Then, and climes in then to seek.

Easily first though last one called, old Homer come;
Show me the noble Hector unappalled by his doom,
Kneeling with hands stretched to the slayer of his sons,
 Sudden remorse dethrones
 Show me the sire suppliant;
 Priam's and Pelides sorrow paint
On the common ground rolled mingling groans,
 While a father, that,
 This, a son for, makes his plaint.—
Sophocles and Euripides uncalled I leave,
But Aristophanes such times as these ought to heave
You from your Attic grave and in this land too great,
 Living and seeing set!
 What themes for your wit sublime
 Break out on the surface of the time!
 Demos, everybody's bloated pet,
 Has more sycophants
 Than your muse could put in rhyme.

Bigotry and the itch for notoriety
Dressed in their proper motley by your protopiety;
Virtue might move to laughter who now only grieves,
 Seeing the solemn thieves

Strutting in her garb pompously—
Laurels of immortal victory
Over helpless wretches, *that* achieves;
These, the fugitive,
Overcome surgloriously!

One, from moonshine sixteen million speeches coins
Tullian pinchbeck and Tertullian brass break all loins
Nature's bounty some for their creation claim,

Graving on clouds their name.

Whence such golden showers descend
As Zeus erst upon Rose Island rained
For Apollo, as for us the same
Pours the precious dust
Knee deep on Alaska's strand!

Oh, for an arm to reach six thousand miles and snatch
Only a bucketfull of nuggets loose about the patch!
Palace for rickety shanty, dome for leaky roof—

Quickly would flaunt the proof,
Wisdom and wit live in my lines,
Grace in every stress distressing shines.
Now the judge is mum or mouths aloof,
Magic tone or touch

None my subtle soul divines.

God Apollo gifts with asses' ears the folk
Who when Pan and Marsyas his pipes gods provoke,
Leave his noble lyre to dance and leap and shout
 With the ignoble rout;
 Mad with his ears' torture and mind's,
 (Gods, they say, even, sometimes anger blinds)
 Tore he the thick skin off the living lout!
 Horrible to tell!
 But no terror to vain hinds.

Love of fame for gain Jove's thunder will defy:
Flaying alive would sooner from the eel wring a cry
Than from the small fry who soar with emptiness,
 Not with a strong thought's stress.
 Come, now, O, Pan, with lyre of gold,
 Shame the drivelling age, silence the bold
 Commonplace tribe whose strains naught confess
 Yours and the Muses' might,
 Whom the bard invoked of old.
Loxias replies but from beneath the sod:
"Earth has got no longer a Helicon heaven, no god,

Science squares the circle of infinity,
 Mountains of mystery,
 Ocean's stream girdle not
 Zeus' and Hera's pretty garden plot;
 Jove's and Caesar's larger property
 Might one millionaire
 In its palmy state have bought.

"Marvels in sea nor air are left to fantasy,
 Aethiop nor Hyperborean visit we;
 Gardens of Hesperides are found and sacked;
 Every dream is fact."
 Peace to thee, Father of rays!
 Goodbye, Muses, and your pleasant ways!
 Hail, the practical inventor's tact!
 Hail the actual!
 The material, "It Pays."

SONNETS

1.

Homer and Shakespeare, unknown gods of Song:
Who, out of nothing made its ancient world,
And who, the mean garb of the new impearled,
Miracles working which to gods belong:
Of one the form whatever be the tongue,
Of both the original the primeval voice
With which hearts love, rage, pity, mourn, rejoice!
Of Kings, of men or atoms of the throng.
From youth to age your living men and scenes
Are those we more, have lived with, better known
Than any alive, where with our lot was thrown.
Your myths and music are as well the means
Whereby we live as that from which we have grown,
Since yours the fields from which all utterance gleans.

2.

I stood by moonlight on the slippery verge
Of old Niagara's Table rock pristine,

And leaning over, viewed the mighty surge
Of falling waters, braved their hideous din;
The back immense of crystal smooth and sheen,
To ruin leaps moonlashed with lightning scourge
Clamors ten thousand-throated clamors urge;
A ghastly, pallid iris spans the scene.
The uproar infinite my being obsessed!
The appalling whiteness of the foam and flood,
And mist and moon seasick on billowy scud;
One thought no thought my mind no mind oppressed:
Be life a stream as sickly fancy saith,
Awful Niagara life's end uttereth.

EPIGRAMS.

THE DEAD LANGUAGES.

1.

What better discipline of heart and head
Than study of the languages called dead!
Where pure philosophy to virtue exhorts,
And history charms and eloquence transports;
Where live the perfect types time can't efface,
Of epic, lyric, tragic, comic grace;
Where language is itself so terse, compact,
It reaches the sublime by its own act,
And lends the charm of poetry to prose and fact.

2.

Not without numbers, Cicero divinely says,
Demosthenes wont to hurl those thunder bolts of his,
And not without the same did Cicero's ample phrase
Transfigure commonplaces with its steady blaze.

3.

Immortal Fulton! column nor statue
Of bronze commemorates your services,
But your true monuments without your name,
Are the inland cities of America;
More than a thousand miles on every hand
From sea, but by your great invention's help,
Able to vie with sea emporia.

4.

True patriotism every victory
In civil war pitiful and woeful deemed;
But our enlightened Christian piety
No other blood and carnage much esteemed
Has got to boast and makes the most of the same,
Which gained for Cain an everlasting name.

5.

FROM THE GREEK.

The crab to the snake thus said,
Seizing the same with his claw:
"You ought to be straight, comrade,
Not crookedness have for a law."

6.

AFTER CATULLUS.

I laughed at one, I don't know who was the ass,

In a crowd just now, who listened to Taft's speech
At Petersburg, Virginia, where, alas!

Were slaughtered by Virgianians in a breach,
A host of Pennsylvanians, all and each!

"It had to be, the breach and that event,"

Said the ass, "or we would not have this monu-
ment!"

As if all marble outweighed one sentient.

AURELIA.

(NEW ORLEANS—AURELIANI).

King Knute sat on his throne,
Not at the brink of the main
Trampled by tidal train,
Drawn by the trolley moon,
But where the Father of Waters
Putteth his arms about
Her who is waxing stout,
Last of his lusty daughters,
Ere he revisit his mother.
Closer and closer pressing,
Bolder and bolder caressing,
Longing to seize and smother
Her with his slobbering kisses;
Bore her as Boreas
Bore the Athenian lass,
Snatched from the banks of Ilissus,
Down to the palace of froth,

Mansion of Amphitrite,
Mother of Triton and mighty
River of thee, of both
Fond, but thou her delight,
Safe will she keep thy bride,
Scorning her warden's pride,
Mocking his vain foresight!
Long have you longed for the rich
Reechy Aurelia,
Waiting and watching your day.
Up, now, and leap from your ditch,
Show us your heavenly strain—
All of your floods are at hand,
All your allies at command:
Skies pour deluges of rain;
Snows steal away on the raid;
Ice with a horrible clamor,
Matching the thunder clap's stammer
Breaks to his liege lord's aid.
Meets them the balmy South,
Greets them Favonius,
Wafting a merry buzz,
Signal of gnats and drought.

Up like a tidal wave!
Swallow the Customs Grange,
Down the Cotton Exchange,
Drown in it every Knave!
Quick as Proserpina's slip,
Reaching a rare narcissus,
Into Plutonian abysses,
So quick, Aurelias, dip!
Fisherman, dropping his line
Where was Aurelia,
Brings up a broker and a
Watchman clutching the wine,
Treat for a gay saloon girl!
Each of them tells his tale:
Futures; what is the sale,
Saloon girls, which is the pearl?

BY DREAMLIGHT. A SERENADE.

As light as the leaf of the star-leafed gum,
Which the ground in autumn dresses,
So light and so bright in her chamber's gloom,
Lies my love in her golden tresses.
The breeze of a dream is fanning her cheek,
Her eyelids too, are glowing
As if through their silken fringe did break
A light from her eyes still flowing.

Dost dream, my love, of the time when we
That Southern lake were sailing,
Which a proud city weds with the tropic sea,
And dream'st the breeze is failing,
And that my hand gently presses thine
Upon the oar reclining,
While all the water is turned to wine,
In the flush of the sun's declining?

Or dost thou dream of the moonlight walk

From the church through the echoing city,
When I was silent and you would talk?
Of another was cheerful and witty,
Whose laughter rang out to the stars far behind,
His heels on the pavement resounding,
Does he tread your light dreams as he crashed through
my mind
The coiled serpent, jealousy, wounding?

Or dost thou dream of the parting scene
In the boat by the turbid river,
When my thoughts were as sad as ever have been,
And your lips did speechless quiver,
And your cheeks were as leaves in the autumn wind,
That fade ere the frost has fallen?
A moment I deemed your eyes were blind,
With a flood their lids seemed swollen;

But the tears fell not, was it fancy vain,
Or did pride come to stay the twin torrents,
As the tides of the ocean full rivers restrain,
And stop the onflow of their currents.
These memories long have nourished my dreams,

My musing moods have saddened,
Till thine image was bright with celestial gleams,
And my soul with doubts was maddened.

Oh, tell me, my love, shall my doubts now end,
Oh, render the grateful decision!
Woe! Woe! as to wake her a hand I extend,
Love grins Death's ghastly division!

APOLLO AND HERMES

A newly found poem of Sappho. Literally rendered in rhymed sapphics.

How, Apollo! what are you doing, Paeon?
Milking cows, you! Plain to my infant ken 'tis
Something's out of joint in the empyrean.

What is it, Prentice?

Are you bound for life to Admetos, Phoebus?
You and Father Zeus are at odds then! Pity!
Banish you! Olympus his hymn and glee boss?

Hair, too, so pretty!

Are your cows in milk? I'm a sucking baby;
Takes a sight to do me, I tell you, Leto's!
Mammy Maia sent me to buy or maybe

Borrow Admetos'

Cows: I'm growing fast and she wants to wean me.

—Buy or borrow! Steal is your errand, Maia's;

Off your tripod, Pythean, if you mean me,

Guileless your day as!

What hast got to buy with or barter kine for?—
Got a singing tortoise, Admetos' herder,
Something you, I know, cannot help to pine for,
Once I have stirred her:
Listen!—Doesn't that shame your unwieldy phormiux?
Even your cows are charmed by it: eyes fixed, ears
pricked;
This would tame them better than shoutings, stormings,
Or on 'em curs secked.
This is worth all Thessaly's herds of cattle,
Pastures thrown in, river Pencios, fountains;
Though I don't love wasting my time in prattle,
Throw in the mountains,
Ossa, even Olympos the Father's nod shakes!
All are not worth this tiny shell's sweet crooning,
Which of man the clod an immortal god makes,
Soul in attuning!
But I'll give it only for these Admetos
Owns and you tend. That is a liberal offer;
We can get more. What do you say to us, Leto's?
No time to chaffer,
In a hurry! Want to get back to Pylos
Ere my mammy fidgets and gets uneasy!

If you don't deal, Delian, 'twon't be my loss!

You will go crazy

If you miss this chance of recall to Olympos;

Some one else will get your position, chief of

Chorus. You must forego the great gods' sympos,

Laurel leaf leave off!

He will get it whoever gets this, be sure!

Zeus loves music: thunder and winds and singing

Rain prove Father Zeus has a fine ear, demure

Though he in flinging

Lightnings lower. Much as I envy, brother,

Your high station, little I'd relish seeing

Take your place in banquet and quive another,

Or with your neighing

Steeds careering ether. I must acknowledge

There is no one equal to you in driving,

Twanging bow or lyre in Olympos' college!

Only in wiving!—

—There now, no scurrility! tortoise seller,

Talk no more but hand me the shell; the kine are

Not mine! Nights are dark, though, and cow com-

peller

Saw never finer!

VETERAN'S REUNION

What have you come out for, to see with blind eyes,
What have you come out for, to hear with deaf ears?—
Not to see nor hear, but to *be* seen, *be* heard,
Feasted and flattered!

Hailed as heroes! comfort of body, spirit's
Glory! Heroes! mostly unwilling conscripts!
Whom no rage of battle possessed but battle-
Ague infested!

Mostly not worth feeding in wartime, much less
Now, when all you brayed for is gone, forgotten!—
—Frankly, then, you think we are arrant humbugs?—
Mostly as heroes.

Glory shuns the sectional feud whose name is
Cain—and Able—mutual—The ban—pair—brawl!
Praise enough for which were repentance, fasting,
Ashes and sackcloth.

Self-respect and dignity learn to stand on!
Fitting pedestal for the shrunken body,
Knees no longer able to hustle and elbows
Palsied and flaccid.

What and where art thou, in the first encounter
Fratricidal fallen, my school and college-
Mate, Charles Dreux, whose splendid heroic form drew
Murder's secure aim?

What to your instructed intelligence the
Cause of dispute? What to traditions, studies,
Inspirations, eloquent odes Pindarie,
Conned and recited.

Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, in-
Dissoluble hailed?—Glory of war effaced all!
Was it sweet to die for a broken fragment?
Life was it all worth?

Pardon not of you will I ask who wont to
Give and take jokes, while of the rest why ask whose

Insignificance for a long life saved them?
Dreux, you are laughing?

Sweetly, gaily, just as you laughed in old days
Over disappointments in love or empty
Pockets, common troubles, of both of which free.
What can you want more?

Me to laugh with maybe or at divinely!
My 'to laugh' is all that is left me living,
Which I hope to carry, deceasing, where you
Laugh at immortals.

EPISTLE TO

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.

Old friend, whom I loved and admired in a past that is
long dead and buried,
I know that your memory keeps some image of me, but
I'm worried,
Whether to think the remembrance is one you would
willingly cherish,
Or a pestilent dream and beset with regrets you would
rather let perish.

Not to say that I have any doubt of your truth and
sincerity, friend,
But because I have long been persuaded that from
beginning to end
Of our two years' acquaintance I was furiously mad
as a Bachant,
Either crazy with drink or as crazy for drink as for
Jesus a black aunt.

And you among others I smote with my thyrsus and
drove to the mountains,
Away from the distaff and loom, Themis that is, and
Judge Monroe's fountains
Of saliva and law, frothed forth with a splutter and
splash to be quaffed
Both law and the rheum by the floor while at Barrow's
noprofile we laughed;

Or at Bermudez, fresh from Confession and pure as the
Immaculate Virgin,
And Dreux, busy caricaturing his dear cousin's text
in the margin.
To think it is fifty odd years, years crowded with
marvellous changes
And out of the mountain of rubbish my memory picks
and arranges;

This picture, features, eye flashes or staid looks of one
and another;
Voices only are wanting and laughter the breath of
the scene to unsmother;

Given these and the past face to face with the present
would stand and my youth
Would acknowledge my age with a blush and my age
be ashamed of the truth!

Where is all of my promise, my youth might say,
where are all of my hopes?
Where the deeds of renown, where the works that will
live, where of friends are the troops?
With neither a wife nor an heir and not even gold in
your purse,
It is time you were quitting the scene, old boy, and
were mounting your hearse.

What apology lame my age to my youth might attempt,
it were vain
To discovering ears to repeat and to me were renewal
of pain—
Enough, that among our Ilion's ruins the old fire
smoulders,
And sends up a flash now and then from its ashes to
friendly beholders.

As clearly as Ilion's chieftain, alas, in my mind and
my heart,
I saw and foretold the event of the appeal to arms
from the start!
For I had no faith in the cause nor valued the causes
an as
Bible slavery bosh and bigoted hatred of section and
class.

But as fools were determined to play it and life to me
wanted an aim,
I gave up my forespent youth and my hopes forlorn
to the game,
And went like Amphiaraós in spite of my prophecies,
But returned to drain the bitter jar to its bitterest
lees!

Let others in fool-smoke dote or in glorious moon-
shine bask,
To forget it all, though I be forgot, is the blessing I
ask!
Rank heresy, no doubt, and ranker of course in me,
A faulty private, than in the faultless General Lee.

SAPPHO'S ODE TO APHRODITE.

Broidered throne enjoying, Aphrodite,
Zeus his daughter, weaver of wiles, I pray thee,
Do not break with cares and distress, immortal
Mistress, my spirit!

Nay, come hither, if ever before has hearkened,
Hearing voice of mine from afar, and thy sire's
Golden mansion leaving obedient came'st thy
Chariot yoking.

Then thy swift-wing'd beautiful sparrows drew thee
Tow'rds the black earth, whirling with rapid pinions
Down from heaven through ether between. Instantly
Did they appear when

Thou, O blest one, smiling with mien immortal,
Asked me what I suffered, why called and what I
Wished to happen presently for my soul's sake
Maddened with passion,

Whom dost vainly endeavor with sly persuasion
Into love's net cunningly woven luring,
Helpless to entangle, and who, unhappy
Sappho, offends thee?

If he flee he shall very quickly follow,
If he gifts accept not, but gifts shall offer,
If he love not now, he will quickly love thee,
Not even wishing.

Come to me, now, also, my soul set free from
Cruel cares, whatever it desires amain done,
Do amain, and with me thyself arraying,
Thou my ally be.

THE SAME TO ONE BELOVED

Seems to me the equal of gods the man who
Opposite thee sits and intently listens
To thee who art talking in dulcet tones and
Lovingly laughing.

Sight of this my heart in my bosom crazes:
For no sooner do I behold thee than voice
Fails me, breaks and falters my tongue and straight-
way

Under my skin runs

Subtle fire; my eyes are bereft of seeing,
Buzzings stop my ears and a cold sweat pours down,
Trembling me all over possesses, paler
Am I than grass and

Wanting little of dying myself seem nothing!
Still must all be borne, for a poor one must not

Ease indulge nor soften which Kings and cities
Happy, has ruined.

NOTE:—The ode is completed in the sense of the last stanza of the imitation by Catullus, greekly as follows:

Φαίνομαι [οὐδέν]
 Ἄλλὰ πᾶν τόλματον ἐπὶ πένητα
 [Οὐ πρόπεισχολῇ μαλακίζεσθαι μὲν
 [Οὐτ' ἀγάλλεσθ', ἣ βασιλεῖς πόλεις τ' εὐ-
 [δαίμονας εἶλε].*

*The brackets indicate the lines I have supplied from the Latin of Catullus. The “οὐδέν” is my own conjecture in place of other guesses of editors.

R. D. WINDES, *Author*.

ALCAEUS TO SAPPHO.

Violet tressed, heaven blest, sweet mouthed Sappho!
Something I wish to say but shame withholds me;
Not love, although such love of mine infolds thee
As all owe thee who aught the Muses owe,
Love, more than half of which is awe and fear,
Such as we feel for gods and goddesses!
That other love no more my heart can tease;
Wherefore I'm sad and glad and laugh a tear.

Ἰόπλοκ' ἄγνα μελλιχόμειδε Σάπφοι;
Θέλω τι φείπην, ἀλλὰ με κωλύει αἰδώς.

Αλκαίος.

March 30, '11. R. D. W.

FROM THE FRENCH

Du vingt septieme an au soixante douzieme
Jour luit, et comme alors je t'ai vu voilà meme!
Jeune rose arrosée, aussi douce en pensée,
Qu'alors aux yeux ravis; si pourraient se changer,
Ceux mes ans parlerai j' et tu saurais ici;
Prête tu là l'oreille à ce moment, bénie?

A light from twenty-seven on seventy-two
Flashes! and I behold thee as I then
Beheld; a rose still fresh with morning dew,
To memory sweet as to my ravished ken;
Could these my years be but revised, at least
I'd speak and thou woulds't know. Dost hear now,
blest?

Qu'ai-je fait? Qu'ai-j'appris? Le temps est si rapide:
L'enfant marche joyeux sans songeant au chemin,
Il le croit infini, n'en voyant pas la fin,

Tout a coup il rencontre une source limpide:
Il s'arrête, il se penche, il s'y voit—un vieillard!

What have I done? What have I learnt? Swift is
Time's wing!

The child fares forth in joy without a thought to spend
On road he thinks is endless, seeing not the end;
All at once, brought up short before a limpid spring,
He halts, he stoops, he sees himself there—an old man!

THE SCALAWAG'S OWN OBITUARY

Be it Known and sung and said,
That a great man here is laid!
Thorn in full is my name's middle;
I could run and dance and fiddle
Till I quit these for the stump,
Big words bolted raw to pump.
Something to say or without,
Thought or no thought I could spout,
Folks scorn what they understand;
What they do not they think grand:
Thus it was they made me judge.
What if lawyers did cry, fudge!
Making light of my small law,
Them I smote with heavy paw!
When the war came I was for it,
Lifting up my voice to war it,
Offering on my country's altar
Words, brave words, that did not falter;
But my own judicious self,

Snugly filed upon a shelf,
In the Bench's citadel,
Out of reach of shot and shell,
Kept a sneaking diary,
Of what little it could see.
Sweet it is to the wise soul,
Sang Lucretius, others' dole;
Fruit of folly and short sight,
To behold from wisdom's height.
Sweet it is while others fight,
Safe at home to sit and write;
Sweet it is to catch the tide,
And to harbor safely ride:
But the sweetest thing of all
Is to rise though country fall!
"When war's deadly blast was blown,"
Then my wisdom brightly shone;
Bidding my old friends good-bye
Where they helpless seemed to lie,
With that side I cast my lot,
Where was something to be got!
Left the country-town and court,
Left the country and its sport,

Labor by the farmer chased,
And the farmer Bureaucracies;
Sought the city rich and blest,
Fat with compound interest!
The honest merchants' spoils of war,
Gleaned behind the Conqueror's ear
Harvest of no-harvest years!
Land and life and blood and tears
Counted in the merchant's box
By the tickings of his clocks.—
Boldly in the fine chaos,
Booming with the country's loss,
Launched I forth and by odd luck
And by cunning hook or crook
Reached again the Bench's port!
But my time was all too short—
Came the reckoning and, alas!
Overboard without a mass
Mixed with nigger and Carpet Bag,
Went Judge Thorn, the Scalawag!
And who now may chance to stroll
Near a dirty, stinking hole
Somewhere in a Southern plain,

Needs must hear my ghost's refrain:
"Come, my faithful friends of yore,
Come, and make me Judge once more;
I'm the same I was before!"
Echo answers: "Same, bad sore
Of the pettifogging corps."
Still my dirge will I croon,
Though I only bay the moon.

CALLED BACK.

A buck eye at my head and a white ash at my feet,
Both on the point of bursting into bloom complete,
And I lay dead, I dreamt, and buried under ground;
When one with solemn pace did come and looks profound,

Who stood beside my grave and sighed and gravely
said:

“This wretched man that was, is dead, is dead, is dead!
Is dead fourfold! Body and soul and name and race!
Nothing can help him now, not even Almighty Grace!”
So spoke, but the trees broke into purple and silver
laughter,

Which caught me and wafted back from under Hades’
rafter.

NOV 12 1912

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 482 507 7